

Buck Sloan Donated by:
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84th IL INF
Co. F
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May be used
for research!

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF VACHEL BENSON WHO
DIED ON STONE RIVER BATTLEFIELD DEC*3 /
1862 JAN.1-2 1863
BY JOHN FLETCHER SLOAN WHO FOUGHT BY
HIS SIDE.

Among the pines that overlook stone river's rocky bed,
Illinois knows full well many a son thats numbered with the dead
That night when all along our lines rained showers of shot and shell,
There many a brave young soldied died, there many a hero fell.

When night closed oer those bloody scences returning oer the ground,
I heard poor Vachels pitious moan laid low by mortal, wound
I built a fire of cedar rails, The air was cold and damp,
I filled his canteen from the spring below the river's bank.

And then I sat me down to ask,
If he would wish to send a last request or parting word,
To Mother, Sister or Friend?
I have some words poor Vachel said, my friends would like to hear.

My mother's soul tw'ould fill with sorrow
My sister's eyes tw'ould fill with tears
Tell them I died this stomy night, No friends or kindred near,
To wipe death damp from my brow or shed affectionate tear.

This is a copy of a poem or song Grandad (John
Fletcher Sloan) sent home to his folks. Early in 1863 after *Murfreesboro*
his buddie was killed at Stone River battlefield, near ~~Nashville~~
Tennessee

1774 copy of the poem